

A
VINDICATION
OF THE
Lord Russell's Speech
AND
INNOCENCE,
IN A
DIALOGUE
BETWIXT
WHIG & TORY:

Being the same that was promis'd to the
Observator in a *Penny-Post-Letter*.

L O N D O N:

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VINDICATION

OF THE

WHOLE

LONDON

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT WHIG and TORY.

Tory **P**Rethee let me alone: Thou art always teasing me; What is it to me and every private man how he died, whether Innocent, or Guilty?

Whig. No, no: 'Tis nothing to You how he died, because he was not a Tory, or a Papist; But had he been either of these, we should have had the Observator, and the rest of your Scribbling Tribe, forming and forging a hundred Arguments to prove his Innocency.

Tory. Heark thee, Whig! Dost thou think 'tis possible to prove the Devil's white? That *Lucifer's* pride was no sin? that his Rebellion was no offence? And that he was unjustly thrown from Heaven? that after *Adam's* breaking the Law of God by his disobedience, he persevered still in the state of Innocency, and never was deprived of his original Justice, or thrown out of *Paradise*: Or that *Brutus*, who murder'd *Cæsar* was not a Villain; but an Innocent good man? or that there never was a Traytor or Rebel in the world from the Creation? Find me a man that can prove this, and then I'll incline to believe the Lord *Russel's* Innocent, and not till then.

Whig. This is very fine indeed! why sure, Tory, thou art not in earnest!

Tory. Yes by my troth but I am. For I think one as hard to be prov'd as the other; and unless thou canst find me a *Logician* a *Lawyer*, *Divine*, or something, that can prove the former, I'll never believe the latter.

Whig. Nay, I'll never pretend, Tory, to do things impossible; to prove Contradictions, and Impossibilities; but that the Lord *Russel* died Innocent, (if you'll but hear me,) I doubt not but to make it as clear as demonstration. And if I do not, conclude me a Fool, or a Knave.

Tory. Why, with all my heart Whig, I were unjust else; and if thou canst but prove him Innocent, a holy Martyr for the Cause, I'll pay him as great a veneration as any Whig in *Christendom*.

Whig. Why then hear me, Tory: Is it probable, nay is it possible, for a good Tree to bring forth bad Fruit? Is it possible for the Rivulet to run foul, that flows from a Chrystal Fountain? So, can Lord Russel be that rotten Fruit, that foul corrupted Water the World would make him? who sprung from such Honourable, Worthy Progenitors. Then, no sooner had his worthy Parents given him being, but they procured him the best Masters in the World to educate him, so that that Noble Blood that he brought into the world might not be the least contaminated. Now, I say, how is it possible that such a Noble Plant as this, could be rotten, crooked, or deformed?

Tory. Why saith Whig, this Argument may hold water, if the premises be but sound. I remember indeed, the Lord Russel valued himself mightily upon these two points, his Birth, and Education: He believed no one durst be so bold as to cajoll the world with his Funeral Sermon when he was gone, therefore was he resolved to write it himself; or rather a Panegyrick of his Life. 'Here it is that he tells us, that through all the course of his life he hath been visited with blessings from above; that his Parents were famous for Worth and Goodness, which he reckons to be the Original and Source of all his Happiness and Consolation, in this his time of calamity, and afflictions. Nay, he says, that through the whole progress of his life it was like an inherent quality, not to be shaken off with neglect. He tells us further, he hath been wonderfully supported this time of his Confinement: so that neither Imprisonment, nor fear of Death, have been able to discompose him, no, not in the least degree: But on the contrary, he hath found the Assurance of the Love and Mercy of God; That he is going to partake of that fulness of Joy which is in the presence of his Redeemer; And with the Hopes of this, (the Assurance he means) he is fully delighted; And that this time of his dying, is the happiest time of his life. This is part of this Panegyrick.

Whig. Ay, Tory, what say you to it? was not this a Holy, Innocent, Good man, who could say so much good of himself at his last hour?

Tory. Why, to speak the truth, I do not approve this Pharisaical boasting, and sounding a mans own Perfections. It looks as if a man had but few Friends, or if he were afraid that no one knew his Vir ues but himself. In my Judgment it had been much better to have heard him at Prayers with the wicked Publican, saying, Lord be merciful to me a sinner, and we might all much better have hoped his justification. But however, if all he hath said be true (and so it should be, for the good Gentleman declares he was never given to lying,) he certainly was the happiest man in the world. Why then, thou Great! Great St.

Russel

Russel! by much more greater, than the Great *St. Paul*, who was wrap'd into the third Heavens. He, good man, notwithstanding all this, knew nothing whether he were worthy of Love, or hatred: but Lord *Russel* hath the Assurance of Love and Mercy.

Whig. *Why, he had so; and who dare contradict it?*

Tory. Who dare contradict it? Prethee let me ask thee one question, from whence proceeds this great assurance? not from Divine Revelation: for we hear of no Angels who have come to visit him.

Whig. *No, he does not say they did. But he tells you, all this proceeded from his High and Mighty Birth, and wonderful Education.*

Tory. 'Tis most undoubted Whig, there is nothing doth more conduce to a mans happy being, than *Birth*, and *Education*. 'Tis very rare, (tho' it sometimes happens I must confess,) that the Children of Loyal Parents prove Traytors. So on the contrary, 'tis very seldom that the Sons of Traytors, and Villains, prove good Men, and Loyal Subjects. The blood of the Parent that is tainted and corrupt, can never beget sound Children; And were I to choose, I had much rather be the Son of an honest Loyal Cocker, who hath served his King, and Countrey, than the Son of a Lord, who hath been a Traytor, and Rebel to both. That Gentleman, whose actions have the most Honour, and Braveness in them, and that Lord such a one, who wants Honesty, Honour, and Loyalty, hath only the bare name and Title of Honour: and may justly be suspected to be the Son of a Groom, or Footman, rather than a Person of Quality. Now the Lord *Russels* Father we all have heard of: the world hath rung of his worth, and Fame: the great Services he hath done the Crown hath been admirable; his so bravely fighting for his King in the late Rebellion, was very notable. His laying down his Life and Fortunes, to serve his Royal Master is very well worth observing. And his great Duty, Obedience, and Loyalty since His Majesty's Restoration, hath been wonderful: so that the Lord *Russel* needed not to have boasted so extravagantly of his *High and Noble Birth*, because we all knew it before. Who dares say the Earl of *B* — *d* stood in need of an act of Oblivion? as many other Rebellious Traytors did. Who dare say that *Bedfords* blood was ever tainted with Treason? when did ever he unsheath his Sword, and appear in the Head of a Party against his Lawful Sovereign? Faith 'tis pity the Son had not time to write his Fathers Life; that his Honourable Parentage might have appear'd in their own natural colours: no doubt of it, it would have been a great satisfaction to

to the world: the ignorant would have thanked him for it, and it would have rectified the mistaken Judgments of many. 'Tis pity no ingenious Pen will undertake the business. Well, as to his worthy famed Parents I leave them as they are: never the better I'm sure, for having such a Son.

Whig. *Very well Tory, I think I shall convince thee by and by of Lord Russels Innocency: what say you now to his Education?*

Tory. Why saith I say his Tutors have got no great credit by him. For a mans Education to be so Godly as he boasts it, certainly it hath made the worst proof that ever did any, for a man daily to Cabal, and Associate with nothing but *Traytors, Rebels and Villains*, to make it the great business of his life to *hear, speak, and advise Treason, and Rebellion*: to spend the greatest part of his time in such Cabals where there was little else heard, than the *Designing, Contriving, and Conspiring the Murder, and Death of Princes; the Massacring the King's Guards, and all his Loyal Friends*. The *Fleying the King's Judges, and all the chief Magistrates of State alive, &c.* To live so many years in the crowd of these Diabolical Machinations without the least touch of pity or remorse. To be swimming every night in a Sea of Blood, and to live perpetually in the midst of *Daggers, Pistols, Guns, Blunderbusses, Halters, Poisons, &c.* is a most monstrous sign of a *Sanctified Religious Education*. And for all these Villainies to die at last in the prime of his age upon a Scaffold, by the hand of the common *Hang-man*, breathing forth with his last breath his Innocency. *In the words of a dying man I profess I know no Plot, either against the Kings life or the Government.* O blessed Education! that hath brought a man to such a hopeful end. Well I say God preserve all honest mens Children from such Tutors and Ghostly Fathers, as Lord Russels were.

Having therefore consider'd the two main sources from whence the Lord Russels great Consolations sprung: I think we have just cause to believe that his fulness of joys was no other than a barren emptiness: for 'tis madness to think to see the Revulets o'reflow the Banks; when the Springs which are to nourish them are dryed up. What thinkst thou now *Whig* of the Sanctity, and Innocence of Lord Russel.

Whig. *Why saith to say truth, I did not believe he had been half so black as you seem to make him. But methinks you are too severe upon a Noble Lord, who died a sincere Protestant, and in the Communion of the Church of England.*

Tory. As to his Nolility *Whig*; his Crimes have made him worse than a ~~Protestant~~ *heretic*, for he, and his Posterity are Stigmatized with an eternal

eternal brand of Ignominy. As to his Religion, he might call it by what name he pleased; but I wish he had but lived, or died like a Christian: and then the Communion he pretends to, need not be ashamed of him, as I think they have just reason to be: But at best, let him pretend to what Church he pleased, I'm sure they would have no great purchase of him.

Whig. I know not what you call dying like a Christian: but I'm sure when he is going to take his leave of all the World. You hear with what Zeal he animates all Protestants to unite against the Common Enemy.

Tory. I would fain know *Whig*, what his Lordship means by all Protestants, and Common Enemies.

Whig. Why all Protestants, are all those who protest against the Church of Rome: and the Common Enemy are the Papists, and those who are Popishly affected.

Tory. Very good, you have already divided the Nation into the *Men Worthy*, and *Worthy Men*. The *Worthy Men* are Protestants, the *Men Worthy*, are all Papists, or Popishly affected. So that here his Lordship desires there may be a union among these *Worthy Men*, to cut the Throats, and Massacre these *Men Worthy*. And who are these? His most Sacred Majesty, His Royal Consort the Queen; His Royal Brother the Duke of York, Her Royal Highness the Dutches. And all the Royal Family, and all those who love them. These are the *Common Enemy* his Lordship, and his Protestants have marked out for Sacrifice: To compleat which Inhumane, bloody Murder, the Protestants must Unite and Arm themselves with *Blunderbusses, Guns, Pistols* and *Daggers*. This was a very Religious Prayer indeed, for a Godly Man to make at the hour of his death.

Whig. *Ab* Tory, thou art a strange man; thou makest the worst of every thing: and even our best Actions with thy malicious Observations thou renderst as black as Hell. Come 'tis not possible his Lordship should mean so black a thing at his exit out of the World.

Tory. Faith one would think so; and yet so it was, 'tis as clear as the light is, Why was it not the great business they were about? Have they not made it manifest by their own hand writing? Is it not clearly proved against them, and have not their own Tongues confessed it? what wouldst thou have more *Whig*?

Whig. Ay, ay, but pray observe what he says presently after: that he thinks bitterness, and Persecution. And at all times, but much more now. Goodman you see he would have no one Persecuted for Religion, Treason, or any thing else.

Tory.

Tory. No, not he, good man, when 'tis come to his own door, when he is to satisfy the Law for his Crimes, and Treasonable Principles, then the executing Justice is called *Bitterness* and *Persecution*. How comes it that we heard nothing of this before? who is ignorant how violent his Lordship was against the *Papists*, and to ruine Them to all intents, and purposes? Nay, he was mightily dissatisfied that Lord *Stafford* did not undergo the severity of his Sentence, to be Hang'd, Drawn and Quarter'd; and he very much question'd, whether it was in the King's Power to mitigate the Law so far, as to let him be Be-headed: And even here at his Death he is animating all to persecute all the honest men that love the King and Government, because (I suppose) he does not judge them *his Friends*. *He looks upon Popery as a bloody Religion, and therefore he was obliged to persecute them, even to death; to do all he could against them.* Now, I suppose all honest men know what he means by *Popery*, and *Whom* he would have *Persecuted*; and yet (good man!) he abominates *Persecution* at all times! These are very pretty Paradoxes, *Whig*, are they not? Prethee, *Whig*, reconcile me these two contradictory Propositions of the Lords: *I think myself obliged, and I advise all my Friends, to Persecute, and do what they can against Popery, and that Party: and, I abominate Persecution at all times.*

Whig. Nay, I can't reconcile your contradictory Propositions, as you call them: But methinks his Lordship may very well be believed, for he tells you, He is not given to Lying.

Tory. He does so; And I protest, if I had not heard it from his own mouth, I should have thought he had been bred up to it.

Whig. Bred up to what?

Tory. Why, to Lying, you Fool.

Whig. Now, Lord, thou art e'en a strange man, *Tory.* I warrant thou think'st he lies too, when he declares, what a value he hath for the present Government, the Kings Safety; and that he had rather undergo the greatest Severities, than condescend to any thing that may endanger or prejudice his Life; and that no man had the impudence so much as to propose so barbarous a thing to him. *What can you say to this? These are words we have from his own lips.*

Tory. Ha, ha, ha! By my troth thou mak'st me laugh. This makes me think of the Fable of the *Ass*, that had for some time lived in a Pit, and comes forth very gravely, cloathed in a *Philosophers Cloak*: he tells the people he had for a long time seriously applied himself to study, and now at last he had arrived to be a very great *Philosopher*. There were some *Whigs* who were such Fools as to believe him, but the more wise

wise pull'd off his Cloak, and found he was an Ass. Still nothing but an Ass; for all his boasting of his own Wisdom, and Knowledge.

So this Lord comes smoaking out of *Cabals*, where there was no other business agitated than the *Killing the King*, and his *Royal Brother*; *The seizing the Guards*, &c. And yet he hath the confidence to tell the World no one durst have the impudence so much as to mention such things to him. As if he had been studying Philosophy all the time. But pull off his Cloak, pull off his Cloak, *Whig*; and you'll find it the same Lord *Russel* who was hatching Treason among the rest of the Conspirators: Not that Innocent good man he speaks himself, but an unnatural bloody Traytor.

Whig. *Pretby Tory do not tread so hard upon the dead?*

Tory, I do it *Whig* to keep him down; here are so many Conjurers abroad I fear they will raise his Ghost to complete the villainies he had design'd to act. 'Tis You who will not let him rest in Peace; wou'd you but let his unhappy memory be forgotten, we wou'd not disturb him: But what Loyal Subject can hear so great a Traytor proclaim'd an Innocent, and stand mute.

Whig. *I know not what you call Traytors: You hear he says, He prays sincerely for the King; and he wishes well to him, and the Nation.*

Tory, We have only his own word for it *Whig*. I cou'd have wish'd he wou'd have let us have heard him pray for the King, as tell us he did pray for him. But good man he was in haste, he cou'd not stay to say one little prayer for his injur'd Master.

Whig. *Well, but he says, he prays for him; and you won't believe him, because you did not hear him.*

Tory, Well let it be so then, that he did pray for the King: But if we may judge his Words by his Actions; which is certainly the best way of judging. He pray'd for him as *Woodmen* for the Quarry they are in search of: He prays he may take him; that he were secur'd in his Enemies hands, that they might make him a Glorious King like his Father. And that then they might Modelize the Government into what form they pleas'd. This is a sort of praying indeed, *Whig*. There are Padders upon the Road, their Prayer is that they may meet with a good rich Booty. Then there are *Priest-Catchers*, they pray for him, that is, to catch him at Mass, and so. Then there are *King-Catchers*, and those prey upon Him; and thus undoubtedly Lord *Russel*, and others prayed for him.

Whig. *But does not he Pray, that the King may be indeed the Defender of the Faith?*

B

Tor.

Tor. Yes indeed does he, and that *Indeed* was very prettily put in] The *English* of it is this, He does not believe the King to be indeed the *Defender of the Faith*, but only a *Sham Defender*, a pretender to it, and nothing else. But to be *Defender of the Faith* indeed, is to Defend it as Lord *Russel*, and the Blunderbusses wou'd have defended His most Sacred Majesty, his Royal Highness, and all their Friends : That is, Destroy'd them, Torn them all in pieces.

Whig. *Nay, but how can this be ? How can this be Tory ? when you see that he Prays that the Protestant Religion, the Peace and safety of the Kingdom may be preserved, and flourish under his Government.*

Tory. Why all this specious out-side of a Prayer is nothing else than the Cant, and equivocating of his Ghostly Father Dr. *Bur-* for the true meaning of the Prayer is this. He would have the Protestant Religion, the Peace and safety of the Kingdom preserved, and flourish under his Government ; That is, when they have the Governing, or Managing him : or (when they have destroyed him) under such a *He* as they shall think fit to set up ; He wishes he may be happy here, and hereafter. That is, he wishes he were happily in their hands, that they might quickly send him to a future Happiness, as they did his Royal Father.

Whig. *Nay but this is malice, this is malice Tory, to interpret good mens Prayers at this rate.*

Tory. Not in the least *Whig*, I will assure you ; for if it had been the Prayer of a good man, then I should have believ'd it a good Prayer : But as it was the Prayer of the Lord *Russel*, I cannot but Judge his words, to speak, what he really design'd to act. And in that I think I do his Lordship Honour ; 'cause he says he is not given to lying, therefore I would have his Words, and his Actions go together. I can never believe these men either love the King, or Government ; (let them make never so many protestations) if I find they are ever acting to destroy both. Can I believe that man loves me, because he tells me so ; when I'm satisfied at the same time he is about to cut my Throat.

Whig. *Very good Tory, You are got uppermost now ; you have got us down, and you are resolv'd to keep us so. But I would fain know what greater demonstrations could any man give of his being a True Protestant, than by being a Prosecutor of the Popish Plot. And this we all know, none was a greater than the Lord Russel ; And the only Motives which mov'd him to be so violent again'st it, were no other, than because he was really convinc'd that there was a Conspiracy against the King, Government, and the Protestant Religion.*

Tory.

Tory. Why 'saith *Whig* here is something in this. I remember indeed a time when every man who was a protector of the *Popish Plot* was cry'd up for a most excellent *Protestant*. This very thing should wipe away a mans sins, were he never so much stigmatiz'd with Infamous Villainies; and immediately Canonize him for a Saint. This very thing should unlock the Prison doors, and deliver Villans, and Rogues out of Dungens: This was it that rais'd such to great preferments. Indeed this was the very thing on which Religion moved. I remember there was the *True Protestant Duke*, the *Protestant Earl*, the *Protestant Bishop*, the *Protestant Knight*, the *Protestant Joyner*, and the woman with her *Protestant Socks*. All famous *Protestants* for protecting this thing call'd a *Popish-Plot*. And among these I grant you, Lord *Russel* was very famous, so consequently as good a *Protestant* as the best of them: And that there was a real Conspiracy at that time carrying on against the King, Government, and *Protestant Religion*, is as certain, and all under the Umbrage of that formidable Beast which was Voted a *Horrid, Hellish Popish-Plot*, upon the single Testimony of a *Salamanca Doctor*: All this I do believe, and that his Lordship had very good reason to be convinc'd in his Judgment of the Truth of it, since he was daily in the Cabals, and one of the chief Mannagers, and promoters of this Hellish Conspiracy, which indeed was Christen'd by the Name of a *Popish-Plot*; But see at last to what a Monster this young Cubb of a *Popish-Plot* is grown? to a damn'd *Phanatical Conspiracy*, all the *Popish Plotters* are vanish'd, or Metamorphos'd into *Phanatical Presbyterian Conspirators*.

Whig. Ay, ay, so it is, Pox on't, and all for want of good Managing; But if they wou'd have been but advis'd by the Loyal Statesman, the Noble Peer, it had never come to this; it had still continu'd a *Popish-plot*; and the *Popish Lords* shou'd have dy'd for it too.

To. Nay all That I believe *Whig*, but prethee tell me what is thy opinion of these words of his Lordships, which are towards the latter end of that wonderful Panegyrick he was pleas'd to make of himself. That he had a Nature never the least tainted with Falshood, or Cruelty; that he knew nothing of the Tampering with the Witnesses to Swear the *Popish-Lords*, and others out of their Lives. I ask thee *Whig*, dost thou believe that he knew nothing that there was a Fund made for them, and that he largely contributed to it? That he knew nothing that they were daily Catechis'd by the Earl of *Shaftsbury* and others, and taught to speak as Birds are in the Night? That they all daunced after his whistle; and that he mov'd them, as the man doth the Pup-

pits in *Bartholomew-Fair* by invisible Wyers: what do'st thou say to this?

Whig. *Why what shou'd I say? I'll say just nothing, has not he said enough for himself? More I find than you are willing to believe, and yet you see the Gentleman declares he is not at all given to Lying. Methinks if you had any generosity in you, you wou'd believe him. I have seen the time, when a Lords word was more valued than another mans Oath, or Bond.*

Tor. *'Tis very true Whig, but Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis, We live in another Age. Lords words and Oaths, are no more valued now than other mens; nay to say the truth, not so much. There was another Lord what d'y call 'um, he wou'd not tell a Lye neither, for all the World; and at the same time he was Lying, and Swearing to't as fast as he cou'd speak: Lord what a Credible Innocent Age do we live in, and what Pretty Saints do we converse with!*

Whig. *Well Tory, you have heard this Worthy Lord speak his own perfections in a large measure, and you believe him not; the word of an English man, a True Protestant, and Son of the Church of England are not believ'd: Nay the words of a dying man, a dying Nobleman, find no Credit with you; ill natur'd man as you are. But when he speaks as a Prophet, I hope you will believe him.*

Tor. Hath he prophesied then? pre'thee let me hear it.

Whig. *He says, Popery is breaking in upon us; and the Protestants will fall under very great Tryals and very sharp Persecutions. Nay, Protestants shall Persecute Protestants; Therefore what can we expect but Wo, and Desolation?*

Tor. I know not what his Lordship may have from Divine Revelation; but I think there is no great fear of it in all appearance. But supposing what his Lordship says were true, does it follow therefore to prevent it, that the True-Blew-Protestants must cry out, Gentlemen stand to your Arms, for Popery is breaking in upon you, unite, and Arm your selves against it. Nay, Against the King, His Royal Brother, the Kings Guards, the Militia, and all things which have relation to Loyalty; for they are all Papists, and Popishly affected. The Protestants, (that is the True-Blew-Protestants, for the others joyn with the Papists to bring in Popery) Will fall under very great Tryals, and very sharp Sufferings: Which we the Sanctify'd Brethren must prevent, by uniting our selves in Treason and Rebellion; by Charging our Pistols, Guns, and Blunderbusses to Destroy Black-Bird, and Gold-Finch; that Bastards and Traytors may usurp the Throne: This in my Judgment wou'd be but an ugly kind of a Speech for a good man to make when he is going to the Gallows.

Whig.

Whig. Lord bless us! Can any man in his right Wits believe Lord Ruffel guilty of saying, or thinking such things as these? Do but hear him good man (for I cannot chuse but call him so, 'cause with his own Lips he hath so often Cannoniz'd himself) How he complains of the Impiety, and Prophaneness, which abounds, and appears so scandalously barefac'd everywhere; that he fears the worst of things that can befall a Nation will happen to this Kingdom.

Tor. Prethee Whig canst thou tell me what his Lordship means by these Impieties, and Prophanesses?

Whig. What he means! Why 'tis easily known what he means, your Tory Impieties he means, your Swearing, Tanning, Blaspheming, your Drunken Debaucheries, your Barefac'd Luxurious Impieties; your Fornications, your Adulteries, your Rapes, your Incests, your Sacriledges, your Bestialities, and all that's ill, you impudently all at Noon-day in the face of the whole World; as if there were neither Law Divine, or Humane: As if it were a God of Clouts you did offend; and not the Eternal God of Justice. What can we expect but a Divine Vengeance, where almost every man in the Nation shall oftner open their mouths to bid God damn them, than to implore his Mercy? 'Tis this your Tory-Protestant-Religion; is this your Reformed Church that appears so monstrously deform'd: For shame pretend not to it.

Tor. Why thou art very zealous for the Cause I find. I must confess Whig I am sorry my self to see these Impieties, and Prophanesses, abound so much as they do: But I fear Whig in these you have your share in a large measure, for all your crying out you are not like other men; 'tis believed you are as black as any. But now if you please Whig, we will cast an Eye towards the Impiety, and Prophaneness, which only appertains to You, the Godly Saints of the *Therow Reformation*. What think you of your barefac'd breaking the solemn Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy; and matter it no more than does a Squirrel the cracking of a Nut: Then to Associate, Convene, Cabal, and bind your selves by Hellish damn'd Oaths of Secrecy; Seal'd and ratified with the taking the *Sacrament*, never to discover the black and bloody Designs you had in hand; that is, to overthrow all Obedience, to trample under foot, and murder Superiors, to pack Ignoramus Perjur'd Juries, to Suborn Witnesses, to destroy the Innocent, to Rape, Pilladge, Ravish, Murder, Massäcra, pull down Churches, overthrow Altars, and then Sacrifice to the Devil; Burn the Saviours of the World, and his Holy Mother in Effigie, and this publicly in the Streets, with as great Acclamations of joy, as the
Jews

Jews made when they Crucify'd the Son of God. What think'st thou *Whig*, for these Impieties may we not justly expect a Judgment? And who are so notoriously guilty of these Horrid Crimes, as you (good men,) who with the *Pharisees* are perpetually crying out we are not like to other men, Adulterers, Drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, &c. as are these *Tories*? And then you make a boasting of your own Perfections; when Heaven knows you have no more Religion, or Conscience, than is contain'd in the formality of your little Starch'd Bands, your Satten Caps, and the Turn-up of the white of the Eye.

Whig. *Hy, this is right Popery all over, to have Charity for none but your selves.*

Tor. Come, come *Whig*, we have had too too long an experience who are the Authors and Promoters of these Bloody Villanies; and we have all smarted for it severely: Therefore if I might advise, I wou'd have all these sanctified men (in their own Opinions) who have Lord, Lord, in their Mouths; and nothing but the Devil in their Hearts, who smile and Fawn upon you, at the same time they Design to cut your Throats,) every man to reform one; not according to their own Enthusiasms, but according to the Law of God, and the Rules of the Church of Christ: And when they have this, the World will be a very good World; and we shall have no need of Gibbets, Halters, Scaffolds and Axes.

Whig. *Oh see with what Christian Charity the good man dies! He forgives all the World; nor does he desire his Friends should think of any Revenge.*

Tor. Nay here is something of Christian in this I must confess; whether his heart thinks what his Tongue speaks or no, he did well in saying it. But yet had he been that extraordinary good man he boasts himself, methinks he shou'd have asked Pardon of those he hath injured, as well as pardon his vainly suppos'd Injuries. But why at this hour of the day shou'd he mind his Friends of Revenge? why who hath injur'd him? or what is the Injury done? where's the Injustice? to satisfy the Law, is that it? No, no *Whig*, he hath had all the favour, nay more than in reason he cou'd expect from his Injur'd Prince and Threaten'd Countrey; but of these he asks no Pardon, as if he had not offended them: Nor does he before he makes his Exit to appear before the great Tribunal, endeavour the least to make a Reparation, and Attonement, for the ills he hath done. For certainly as his Crimes were notorious, scandalous, and publick; so undoubtedly ought his Repentance to have been, if ever he expected

pected mercy from the Hand of Heaven, and that he is too well satisfied of, long e're this.

Whig. I fancy you wouldst make an excellent Confessarius Tory.

Tory. Why to say the truth *Whig*, had I been either of these Learned Divines who had the Management, and care of his Soul; I would have been better satisfy'd of his more Christian-like dying; or he should have died by himself.

Whig. Why what do you talk? he died exactly according to the Rules and Methods they gave him: he did nothing undoubtedly but what was by their Order; Nay I believe they made his last Will and Testament, I mean his last Speech; which hath made such a noise in the Nation: and is the only cause of his being barras'd after his Death. 'Tis true he Sign'd, Seal'd, and deliver'd it as the Act, and Deed of a dying man, which is the same as if he had writ it himself. And certainly that man who dies according to the Rules and Directions of the best, and Learnedst of the Church of England, cannot die amiss.

Tory. Prethee *Whig* what reason hast thou to believe all this? for I cannot be perswaded that any Divine of the Church of England can be guilty of so ill a thing.

Whig. Why I'll tell you, first every one believes that Dr. Burnet writ the Speech, and then Dr. T. was so well pleas'd at the Lord Russels dying, that I am credibly inform'd, that in the hearing of several Persons of Quality, he told the Lady Russel that her Lord died so Christian-like, that he desired no greater happiness, than to die as well, as did the Lord Russel.

Tory. There is something in this indeed, and I am sorry to hear it of any Minister of the Church of England. But what think'st thou of his Lordships being so earnest to Exclude His Royal Highness from the Crown.

Whig. What do I think of it? Why you see he owns it, and believes it well done; so surely did the Doctors, or else they would have advis'd him to have ask'd the Dukes Pardon for so publick a Crime, he gives you his reason why he did it; because he thought the Nation was in great danger of Popery; and the expectation of a Popish Successor (as he said in Parliament) put the Kings Life in danger.

Tory. This is a most wonderful Reason indeed; these are but words, here's no reason in the case. How does he make it out? does it seem Lawful to him that when ever He, or any Commoner shall but so much as think the Nation in danger of Popery, that then it is Lawful to Depose, and Disinherit their Lawful Prince? by my troth a
very

every petty piece of business : Kings and Princes are in a very tottering Condition in the mean time. I believe the Earl of *B — d*, would think strange, and Arbitrary in the King, should His Majesty come to him with this Argument ; My Lord, *I think you are a Papist, therefore I'll Disinherit you*. Now in my Judgment, the King's thoughts is as sufficient a motive to Disinherit the Earl of *B — d*, as the Lord *Russels* thoughts is to Disinherit His Royal Highness.

Do but observe this, he believ'd himself oblig'd (he says) to defend the King, when he did but think, nay, had but groundless, vain surmise the Kings Life was in danger, by the Dukes succeeding His Majesty to the Crown. But when there is a *Presbyterian* Conspiracy really on foot, and that almost every man of them have their Swords already drawn, and have unanimously Sworn to sheath them in the Sacred Blood of Gods Anointed, and the best of his People : His Lordship is not the least concern'd for his Life, as if You, and none but You, had Propriety to Kill him ; and that you look'd upon it to be a great Injury done to You, that any one shou'd pretend to Kill him, but your selves. It seems you only stickled to deliver him from the hands of the *Papists*, that he might fall by yours. And these are the fruits of his Lordships Godly Education.

Whig. *Well, well, he hath done with this World now, and is already going to a Kingdom that cannot be moved.*

Tor. Prethee Whig, do'st thou think there are any of his Friends there ; Upon my life if there be, 'tis a hundred to one but they have subverted the Government ; and he will find it a place full of Horrour and Confusion ; and if there be any *Papists* there, they will never agree ; they will be still inventing new *Popish Plots* till the day of Judgement. Well, I say, Pray Heaven after all this his Confidence he miss not his way, mistake, and go to a wrong Gate when he comes to his Journeys end. But I wish with all my Soul he had had a better Guide, than the Doctor of the *Groaning-Board*.

Whig. *Well then, I find you do not think this good man so Innocent, as he wou'd have the World believe he was.*

Tor. Thou art in the right of it Whig. I cannot believe a Traytor Innocent for my Life. Let me see, 'The Lord *Russel* was Arraigned of *High Treason* ; for Conspiring to Levy War, raise Rebellion in the Kingdom of *England*, Compass the death of his most Sacred Majesty, and make a miserable slaughter among the Subjects of our Sovereign Lord the King. Now if any man can be guilty of such hainous crimes as these, and yet be that Innocent good Religious Saint

Saint the *Whiggs* would make him: Why then there is no difference betwixt an Honest man and a Villain, betwixt a Saint and a Devil. What dost thou think, we are Metamorphos'd into Baboons, and Monkeys, that we have lost the rational part of man, and that we are meer Animals.

Whig. Nay, nay, there's no body doubts, if Lord Russel be Guilty of these things, but he was a very ill man: But I would fain know how these businesses are prov'd against him, for 'tis not bare saying, and swearing, can make the Innocent Guilty.

Tory. Thou art much in the right of that *Whig*; and I wish thou hadst been ever of this Judgment, then I'm confident so much Innocent Blood had never been shed in this Nation: But that Lord Russel may not be number'd among the Innocent, we will a little examine how his Guilt was proved upon him.

Whig. Ay, ay, that's it I would gladly hear.

Tory. The poofs against him were undeniable, and the Witnesses unquestionable: they are not the *Scum*, and *Filth* of the Nation: They are not men who were *Lying*, *Cheating*, *Perjur'd* Villains; fellows who had been fetch'd out of *Gaols*, and had long fed upon the *Baskets*. These are not men who have been *whip'd* at the *Caris-tail*, *Pillyer'd*, *Burn'd* in the hand: *Raskals* who have been *Perjur'd* upon *Record*; *Wretches* of a *Lost* and *Desperate Fortune*; who *Swear* for *Bread*. No, nor do they capitulate with their King for *Pardons* before they will serve him; nor had they the promise of any, when they swore against his Lordship: nor did I ever hear there was a *Fund* made for them, or a *Weekly Salary* given them. Here are none of Lord Russel's *Stewards*, or *Servants*, who have cheated their Lord, and despire of any other way to pay him, than by *Swearing* him into a *Damn'd Plot*. Here is no *Swearing* one thing by *Candle-light*, and another thing by *Day-light*; nor is there any *Swearing* point-bank *backwards* and *forwards* by the same *Evidence*, as it was in that thing the *House of Commons* Voted a *Popish Plot*: and yet the Lord Russel, and all the *Phanatical Crew* believ'd the *Papists* had the greatest Justice imaginable done them: and upon the *Evidence* of these *Villains*, the Law had most justly condemn'd them; and that all who died in that *Plot*, were notorious *Traitors*.

And yet is it not Monstrous strange; the *Good*, and *Holy* Lord Russel declares with his last Breath his own Innocency; notwithstanding, he could not accept against one *Witness*; nor could he denie either at his *Trial*, or in his last *Speech*, that he was frequently at

such Cabals; in which it was often mention'd discour's'd, and resolv'd the Seizing the Kings Guards; that there be heard horrid, detestable things spoken; which made him declaim against such Proceedings: things which were so like Bloody Popish Practices, that (as he says) he did abhor them: That the Duke of Monmouth told him when he came to Town, that the Lord Shaftsbury, and some hot men would undo them all; by doing some disorderly thing, or other, if great care was not taken to prevent it; and his Lordship was desired to use his endeavours with his Friends, to prevent it.

Here his Lordship declares there was some horrid, strange, desperate thing to be done, which would endanger the ruining them all; (that is, if it succeeded not; if they mist their blow.) But what this was, this Innocent Lord would not tell us, either then, or now; least His most Sacred Majesty should prevent it. It seems he had Friends in store too, who knew of this desperate black Design: and His Majesty knows nothing of it, either from him, or them. O monstrous *Innocence and Loyalty!*

After this, he says, *he went with Monmouth in the Evening to the Cabal at Mr. Shepherds, where he heard things said with much more Heat than Judgment, Things said, But still what these things were, like a false Traytor he tells us not. And for these things, said he, I stand Condemned. Alas poor Gentleman! A very sad case, yea verily, a very sad case, to have a Gentleman of his Quality Condemn'd to Death for the attempting to Murder his Prince. What pity it is this Title, or Name of Honour, does not exempt all those who bear it, from the Penalties, and Justice of the Law: that it is not permitted Noble Men to be Disloyal, to act Villanies and Treasons, and they shall pass for Virtues.*

Whig Nay, but for all that, you see at his Tryal there were several Persons of Quality who spoke much in his behalf; how *Virtuous* his Life, and Conversation had ever been: And surely such a man could never be Guilty of such horrid Crimes as these.

Tory. It may very well be, he might have strange *Extrases*, when he hath been for the *Reforming* Church, and State, and Modelizing the Government after his own way: or perhaps some of the *Tribe* might have seen him devoutly casting up the white of his eyes, and lifting up his hands to Heaven, at the same time that a Gifted Brother hath been Holding Forth, and Preaching to them *Sedition*, and *Rebellion*; Blood, and Massacres: And this hath passed for *Virtue* among the Godly: So 'tis no wonder *Whig*, Mens actions are conformable

formable to their Doctrines: But certainly, had these Persons of Quality been with him at these Treasons, Cabals, and had heard what had been said, and acted there; they would have spoke the man something else than they did. But however *Whig*, take this from me, no man can be a good Christian who does not love his King, and is not Obedient to his Superiours: and be assured, there is no *Treytor*, or *Russell* so dangerous, and execrable, as that Villain who shall cover his Treason under the Cloak of Godliness, and Religion. And there are such things as *Ravenous Wolves in Sheeps cloathing*, which we are bid to beware of. Now had his Lordship brought in several Persons of Quality, and those such, who were of an untainted Reputation, to have sworn he had been in *Staffordshire*, *Flintshire*, *Holy-Well*, &c. at the same time he was sworn to be at these Cabals; or had he produced sixteen or twenty Innocent young Gentlemen to have sworn that all the Witnesses who swore against him, were at the same time they pretended they saw him at these Cabals, at *St. Omers*, that there they have eat with them, drank with them, talk'd with them, play'd with them, and fought with them; and that all this time they were never one night out of the Colledge. This would I must confess have startled the world, and given them just cause to say, *My Lord died Innocent*. But hearing none of this, we have much more reason to believe the Witnesses, *Juries*, and *Judges*, than his Lordships *ipse dixit*, *I die Innocent*.

Whig. Why all this was done you know by most of these who were accused in the Popish Plot; and yet it would not do their business, they were trusts dup for all that: Therefore why should the Lord Russell give himself the trouble of bringing in Witnesses to prove his Innocency, when it was a thing impossible to defend his Innocency. I ask thee *Tory*, had his Lordship manifestly proved the Witnesses against him to have been a pack of Perjur'd Villains, and the worst of men; that they had sworn to impossibilities, that they had sworn backward and forward, one thing by Candle-light, and another thing by Day-light: that they were Fellows who Swore for Bread, and had a Sallary for Swearing; would this have satisfied the World, he had been Innocent?

Tor. Yes undoubtedly it would, or else we must Arraign the Justice of the Nation; for certainly no wise man, could ever credit the Words, or Oaths, of such profligated wretches as these, if they should, every honest mans life is in the power of every Villain, to murder at his pleasure.

Whig. Why but all this you know would do the Popish Plotters no good, why then should Lord Russell expect it?

Tor.

Tor. Ha *Whig*! Then, was then, and Now, is now; Then we had a Parliament, the Devil, and Lord *Shaftsbury* among us; who frightened us all out of our wits: we knew not what we did, and every man was in danger of being Hang'd, who would not do as they would have him: Besides, they were *Papists*, and that was crime enough in those days to hang any man, and Disinherit him into the bargain; the Kings Brother not excepted. Dost thou think if Lord *Russels* Case, had been Lord *Staffords*, he had had so many Guilty Lords against him?

Whig. No, how soon'd he? why there is almost half of them dead since. But the case is different between Lord *Russel* and Lord *Stafford*; for all that could be prov'd against *Russel* cou'd amount to no more than *Misprision of Treason*; the other you see was guilty of high *Treason*.

Tor. Prethee *Whig* how dost thou prove this? for the Judges of the Law declar'd to him, and all the World, that to Associate, and Convene with such people where he heard nothing but *Treason*, and Rebellion daily contriving; and not discovering the same; was not only *Misprision of Treason*, but really *Treason* it self, in the highest nature.

Whig. Ay, ay, so they did. But what then? You see my Lord says no, and sure he understood his own business as well as another man. I am sure his Lordship thought himself the best Judge in his own case of any man; and so did all the True-blew-Protestants. I know no reason, if it be permitted his Lordship to be a Judge of the Law of God, why he may not be a Judge of the Law of Nations?

Tor. Indeed *Whig* here is some Argument against those who believe every man to be a competent Judge of the Law of God. But I am clearly against it; so consequently against every man being his own Judge in Civil Affairs; let any rational man but think, were this permitted, what a fine Government we shou'd have, what Honest men Traytors, Rogues, Villains wou'd be, might they be Judges. Is not this a very pretty piece of Logick of *Russels*? Let the Witnesses swear what they please against me, let Jury believe them, let Judges Condemn me; and notwithstanding I cannot Except against Witnesses, Judge and Jury, yet I say I am not guilty, Ergo, I dye Innocent; is not this a pret y piece of Impudence *Whig*? Now wou'd I have had him ratified his Innocency; and like the *Papists* with his last Breath renounc'd Heaven, God and his Angels, if he were not as Innocent as the Sucking Child, after all what ever is laid to his Charge.

Whig,

Whig. *Why truly Tory he hath ventur'd his Son! as far in the Cause as any man, and no doubt wou'd have ventur'd farther to have done his Brethren Service: See with what zeal the good man dies. I desire (says he) what is done to me, may put a stop, and satiate some peoples Revenge, and that no more Innocent blood may be shed; for I must, and do still look upon mine as such, since I know I was guilty of no Treason. Oh Charitable, Innocent, good man!*

Tor. Most monstrous Innocent indeed! after so many execrable Villanies, to dye at last Impenitent, and without the least remorse of Conscience: For notwithstanding that he knows the Villanies, who have Sworn the Ruin of his King, Princē, and Country; he declares with his dying Lips, he esteems it a piece of baseness, so much as to have a thought of discovering these Regicides and Traytors: Nay, he protests, he wou'd rather Sacrifice his own life, than by Discovering the villanies, the Bloody and Inhumane business shou'd not be effected; and he thinks it a base Un-gentle-man like Act in those that have done it: He (good man) wou'd have had them all (as they were) blackened, and plung'd deep in sin with him, so wou'd he have had them not confess'd their faults, or ask'd Pardon for them, but barely like Lord Russell dy'd without Repentance: Judge now ye Saints of the Sanctifi'd Tribe, whether these are not the marks of a Godly Education, and a man fill'd till he run o'r with the Spirit of the Holy Ghost. And was it not said like a Learn'd Divine of the Church of England? When Doctor T. said, *He desired no greater Happiness, than to dye as well as the Lord Russell.* O Tempora! O Mores!

Whig. *Nay, but prethee be Ingenious, speak the Truth, as if it were your case: Wou'd not you think it very hard were you a man of so much Breeding, and godly Education, and the Possessor of such a goodly Estate as was Lord Russell, to be condemn'd to so ignoble a Death, only for some Discourses, and making some stirs?*

Tor. Not at all *Whig*, when those Discourses were Treasonable, and those Stirs tended to nothing but Rebellion; and I hope his Fate will be a warning to all those of his Tribe, how they Discourse Treason, or making such filthy stirs, as *Seizing the Guards, and Killing Kings.* I am clearly of Opinion that such Stirs as these were enough to have hang'd the best Subject in Christendom.

Whig. *There's no doubt of it, if the Law must speak what you wou'd have it: But you see his Lordship is satisfied there was not Law enough to Condemn him.* But he was undone by strange fetches, he was ruin'd Innocent man, by a willing easie Jury, that was impos'd up-

on by the cunning Fetches, and Strains, of those unconscionable Gentlemen of the Law; who kills by Forms, and Subtilties of the Law, *and thus his Innocent Blood was spilt.*

Tor. Why you Fool, he hath confessed more than enough in this his last *Speech*, to Hang five hundred better men than himself: and yet he confidently Arraigns the Justice of the Nation, for unjustly shedding his Innocent Blood, this I well remember not long since was a Crime unpardonable; but here's the Kings Council, the Judges, Sheriffs, Jury, Witnesses, are all charged through, and through, of ruining an Innocent man; and all for no other reason, than because his Lordship was not permitted to be the sole Judge of the Law. *'Faith Whig,* 'tis great pity this Innocent Lord was not his own Council, Judge, and Jury; if he had, I am confident he had made himself much more Innocent than the Child unborn. But I ask of all those who believe his Lordships Innocency, whether they believe at the same time the Lord *Stafford*, and others, who died in the Popish Plot, were Guilty, or Innocent, of what they were condemn'd for. If they were Guilty, let them a little consider the Crimes of the one, and the Crimes of the others. The Witnesses, who swore in the Popish Plot; and Witnesses, who swore in this Conspiracy; the Circumstances which accompanied the one, and the Circumstances, which accompanied the other. The Non-confessions of the Plotters, and the Confessions of the Conspirators; The flying of the Conspirators, and the not flying of the Plotters. This rightly considered, let any rational man tell me how he can imagine the Plotters Guilty, and the Conspirators Innocent: Lord *Stafford* a Traytor, and Lord *Russel* a Loyal Subject. I would fain see any *Whig* of you all, (*Burn*— not excepted) untie me this knot.

Whig. *Why you see* Lord *Russel* would not betray his Innocence by Flight.

Tor. The reason is plain, he was taken before he could well think on't; at least before he could resolve on't.

Whig. *Nay you see he was perswaded to it, so that he had time to think on't.*

Tor. Perswaded to it was he, by whom? by those who lov'd him sure; by some who knew him guilty undoubtedly, else it had been but evil Council.

Whig. *He good man you see when he came to Plead for his Life, Said but little, and surely (as his Lordship said) that pleaded rather Innocency than Guilt.*

Tor.

Tor. He said but little 'tis true; because poor man, he had but little to say, or else certainly his Lordship cou'd not but think a brace of Tongues had been too little to have pleaded in the Defence of his Honour, Loyalty, Innocency and Life. But alas! Unhappy Gentleman, not being given to Lying, unless he spoke the Truth, he had nothing to say: And he was advis'd by no means to do that, for if he confess'd matters of Fact, it wou'd undoubtedly bring him in Guilty of *Misprision of Treason*, and ruin himself and his Complices. So that here is a palpable owning by himself and his Friends the guilt of *Misprision of Treason*: And what he and his Friends call *Misprision of Treason*, the Law calls *High Treason*: So that he confesses the Guilt for which he dies, only he wou'd have it call'd by another Name: And yet, *In the words of a dying man, I profess I know of no Plot, either against the Kings Life, or the Government.* O monstrous! after the unanswerable proofs against him and his Friends, and his own Confession, that at least he knew of a Treasonous Conspiracy dayly carrying on against the King and Government: And yet at last he cries, I dye Innocent, and I know of no Plot: I know of a Plot, and I know of no Plot: I know the Guards were to be seiz'd, and I know nothing of it: I have heard terrible words, bloody words, words full of horror, but I know nothing of it: I have heard hot men, who were about to do some desperate thing, but in the words of a dying man I know nothing of it: Are not these most monstrous proofs of a Godly Life and Education, and of a Nobleman, whose Nature was ever averse from Lying.

Whig. Well after all this, I will prove the Lord Russel's Innocency in spite of all the malice of his Enemies: He whose Life and Actions are regulated according to Law and Conscience, lives well; but thus liv'd Lord Russel, Ergo, he liv'd well. He was to receive the Law and Gospel from the Priests, and by these to guide his Conscience: But his Priests told him that to Murder Princes (in case the People thought they were in danger of being over-run with Popery) was no sin; but on the contrary, a most Heroick vertue; therefore Lord Russel by his Priests being perswaded into this belief cannot accuse himself Conscions of any guilt, since his Crimes were no other than the attempting to destroy his Lawful Sovereign, and Subvert the Government, which he undoubredly believ'd the best of Actions, and what in Conscience he was oblig'd to perform. This Dr. T ——— Letter to my Lord seems to prove; so does my Lords owning what he was accus'd of, and yet till the last declaring his Innocency: And that it was very hard an English Nobleman shou'd die so Ignoble

noble a Death, only for some Discourses, and making some Stirrs, which he ever esteem'd to be the most Religious Actions of his Life: Actions Generous and brave, which in the least he does not repent him of, or ask pardon for, either of God or man; which undoubtedly he wou'd have done, had he believ'd such Actions had had the least of ill in them: nay you see he was not the least prompted to it by those who were his Spiritual Guides; so that good man, as they had taught him, he believ'd, and as he believ'd, so he liv'd, and as he liv'd, so he di'd. Innocent to the last.

Tor. Lord bless us Whig! See what a godly Education can do. Well, I'll say no more of him, I pity his misfortune, and pray he may have met with that place of Glory and Happiness, he hath so confidently assur'd himself of: And withall, I heartily pray that all such False Traytors may fall by the stroak of Justice, that Kings may sit more securely in their Thrones, which they can never do to long as they are environ'd by such Monsters as these. And may this mans unhappy exit be no president for those who are like to follow him, may they give greater demonstrations to the World of their Noble Birth and Godly Education: and may they Confess, Repent, and ask Pardon for the Ills they have done, and die more like Christians, than Enrag'd Mad Dogs.

F I N I S.

